

The Critic

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Authors at Home. XXV.*

DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON AT LAKE GEORGE.

OWL'S NEST, the summer retreat of Dr. Edward Eggleston, is picturesquely situated on Dunham's Bay, an arm of Lake George that deeply indents the land on the south-eastern shore of the lake. This site was chosen partly because the land hereabout is owned by his son-in-law, and partly because of the seclusion of the spot from the main current of summer business and travel. With the utmost freedom of choice, a spot better suited to the needs of a literary worker with a family could hardly have been selected within the entire thirty-six miles covering the length of Lake George. Here, six years ago, among black rocks, green woods and blue waters, all pervaded by the breath of balsam cedar and pine, the author of 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster,' after various flights to other northern places of resort, built the nest which he has since continued to occupy during six months of the year (with the exception of one year spent abroad), and in which he does the better part of his literary work, always with material about him prepared at his winter home in Brooklyn. Owl's Nest (doubtless jocosely so-called because of the utter absence from it of everything owlish) consists of three architecturally unique and tasteful buildings, occupying a natural prominence on the western shore of the bay. One, the family cottage, is a handsome looking and commodious structure of wood, liberally furnished in a manner becoming the artistic and literary proclivities of its occupants. A little below this, to the right, and nearer the lake shore, is a summer boarding-house, built by the owner of the farm for the accommodation of the friends and admirers of Dr. Eggleston, who annually follow his flight into the country—so impossible, as it would seem, is it to escape the consequences of fame. The third and most striking structure upon the ground is Dr. Eggleston's workshop and library—his lasting and peculiar mark on the shores of Lake George, and the most prominent and elaborate piece of work of its kind to be found anywhere in northern New York. This was laid out by a Springfield, Mass., architect, after plans of the proprietor's own. It is built of brown sandstone quarried on the spot and laid by local stone-workers, finished in native chestnut and cherry by home mechanics, and decorated without with designs, and within with carvings, by the hand of the author's artist-daughter, Allegra. Thus are secured for it at once a sturdy native character of its own, and a sylvan harmony and grace most pleasing to the fancy. Within this stronghold are arranged in due order

the weapons of the literary champion—historian, novelist, and essayist—as well as the tools of his daughter, who is at present working in conjunction with her father in the production of an illustrated novel soon to be given to the world.

It is into this stronghold that one is conducted on a Sunday afternoon, after the usual hearty hand-shake; especially if one's visit relates in any way to things literary, or to questions that are easiest settled in an atmosphere of books. You are led through a door opening at the rear of the building, toward the cottage; immediately opposite to which, upon entering, appears the entrance to the artist's studio; thence along a narrow passage traversing the length of the west wall and lined to the ceiling with books, through a doorway concealed by a pair of heavy dropping curtains, and into the author's study, occupying the south end of the building. Here you are seated in a soft chair beside a deep, red brick fireplace (adorned with andirons and other appurtenances of ancient pattern, captured from some old colonial mansion), and before a modern bay-window opening to the south.

This window is, structurally, the chief glory and ornament of Dr. Eggleston's study—broad, deep, and high, filling fully one-third of the wall-space in the south end, and so letting into the room, as it were, a good portion of all out-doors. From this window is obtained a charming view of the finest points in the surrounding scenery. Directly in front stretches out for miles to the southward a broad expanse of marsh, through which winds in sinuous curves a sluggish creek, that ends its idling course where the line of blue water meets the rank green of the swale. Just here extends from shore to shore a long causeway of stone and timber, over which runs the highway through the neighborhood. Flanking the morass on each side are two parallel lines of mountains, looking blue and hazy and serene on a still day, but marvellously savage and wild and threatening when a storm is raging. These are, respectively, the French Mountain spur on the west; and on the east the long chain of high peaks, which begins with the Sugar Loaf, three miles inland, approaches the eastern shore, and forms with the grand peaks of Black, Buck and Finch Mountains, a magnificent border to the lake as far down as the Narrows, where it terminates in the bold and picturesque rock of Tongue Mountain.

This view constitutes almost the whole outlook from the spot, which is otherwise encroached upon by an intricate tangle of untamed nature—woods, cliffs and ravines, that back it up on the west, and flank it on either side down to the water's edge. Turning from the view of things outside to consider the things within, you find yourself, apart from the necessary furniture of the room, walled in by books, to apparently interminable heights and lengths. I think Dr. Eggleston told me he has here something like four thousand volumes, perhaps one-fourth of which may be classed as general literature; the rest being volumes old and new, of every conceivable date, style and condition, bearing upon the subject of colonial history. These have been gathered at immense pains from the libraries and bookstalls of Europe and America. In his special field of work Dr. Eggleston long ago proved himself a profound student and a thorough and successful operator. But if books tire you, there is at hand a most interesting collection of souvenirs of foreign travel—pictures, casts, quaint manuscripts, etc.—besides rare autographs, curios and relics of every sort, gathered from everywhere, all of which he shows you with every effort and desire to entertain. In common with other distinguished persons, Dr. Eggleston has undergone persecution by the inveterate collector of autographs. One claimant for a specimen of his penmanship, writing from somewhere in the Dominion, solicited a 'few lines' to adorn his album withal; whereupon he went to his desk, and taking a blank sheet, drew with pen and ink two parallel black lines across it, added his signature, and mailed it promptly to the enclosed address.

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I have seen in one of the older anthologies a poem entitled 'The Helper,' of which I remember these lines:

There was a man, a prince among his kind,
And he was called the Helper.

These verses, ever since I read them, have had a certain fascination for me. There is that in them suggestive of the flavor of rare old wine. There are helpers and helpers, from some types of which we pray evermore to be delivered. But there is the true, the born helpers, whom those in need of effectual advice and furtherance should as heartily pray to fall into the way of. These last do not always appear duly classified, labeled and shelved, to be taken down in answer to all trivial and promiscuous complaints, since, as has been noted, the true helper always proceeds, not by system, but by instinct, which through practice becomes in him unerring, and sufficient to guide him without stumbling. Such a helper is Edward Eggleston. He is a philanthropist who exists chiefly for the sake of doing good to his fellows, and who grows fat in doing it. It is a destiny from which he cannot escape, and would not if he could. One who observes much has often to deplore the absence from our modern life and institutions of any sphere large enough for the exercise and display of the full sum of the powers and faculties of any of our recent or contemporary great men of the people. Compare one of our most gifted men with the stage upon which he is compelled to act, and the disproportion is startling. How much that is above price is thus lost beyond recovery, and often how little we get from such beyond the results of some special popular talent, perhaps itself not representative of the strongest faculties of the person.

I first got acquainted with Dr. Eggleston through his novels 'The Circuit Rider' and 'Roxy,' and being then in the novel-reading phase of intellectual development, I of course believed them unrivalled in contemporary literature, as they fairly are of their kind. My enthusiasm lasted till I heard him preach from the pulpit, and straightway my admiration for the writer was lost in astonishment at the preacher. Never had I heard such sermons; and I still believe I never have. But upon closer acquaintance my astonishment at the preacher was swallowed up in wonder at the conversational powers of my new friend. Never had I heard such a talker—never have I heard such a one. But the best unveiling was the last, when I discovered under all these multifarious aspects the characteristics and attributes of a born philanthropist. Hitherto I had known only the writer, the preacher, and the talker; now I began to know the man. Since it is easier for one to write about the novelist or the minister than about the man, little of all that has been published relative to Dr. Eggleston's life and work has borne upon this last vital particular, upon the inner wealths and economies that make the true heart-life of a man. The outcome of this internal stock and interest in his case is the character of the helper. With even a limited intercourse, one cannot help observing how persistently the opportunities to render heart's help and hand's help will follow the helper where one should suppose them least likely to arise. In Paris, London, Venice, Florence, in the remote towns and villages of England and the Continent, wherever it has been the fortune of Dr. Eggleston to pitch his tent for a season, his domicile has everywhere been known and frequented by those in need of spiritual or material comfort; and few of such have ever had occasion to complain of failure in getting their reasonable wants satisfied. In these dispensations he has the warmest encouragement and support of Mrs. Eggleston and their daughters, by whom these beautiful and humane traits are fully shared. I once expressed my wonder as to how amidst the severest professional labors he could stand so much of this extraneous work, without detriment to his constitution. 'What! do you call that work?' was the characteristic answer. Fortunately a splendid physique defeats the ill-effects that would seem inevitable. And indeed every literary man should

possess the nerves of a farmer and the physique of a prize-fighter as a natural basis of success. Dr. Eggleston is a good sailor and an expert climber, and with these accomplishments, and a perpetually cheerful humor, he manages to keep his body in trim. He can row you out to Joshua's Rock, or to Caldwell, if that lies in your way; or lead you with unerring precision through tangled labyrinths, to visit the choice nooks and scenes of the neighborhood, such as the lovely Paradise, the dark Inferno, and the mysterious Dark Brook.

There is something broadly and deeply elemental in Dr. Eggleston's joyous appreciation of nature, his touching love of little children, and his insight into the springs of animal life. His home habits are simple and beautiful, abounding in all the Christian graces, courtesies and cordialities which help to maintain the ideal household. Everybody knows something of his personal appearance, if not by sight, then by report—the great bulk of frame, the large leonine head, now slightly grizzled, the deep, sharp, kindly eyes, the movements deliberate but not slow; and more, perhaps, of his conversation—precise, rapid, multifarious, swarming with ideas and the suggestions of things which the rapidity of his utterance prevents him from elaborating—original, opulent of forms, rich in quotation and allusion. And then the laugh—vast, inspiring, uplifting. But there is such a thing as friendship becoming too friendly!

O. C. AURINGER.

Reviews

Mr. Stevenson's Second Book of Verse.*

WHAT FIRST strikes the American reader of Mr. Stevenson's new volume of poems, is the attention paid therein to America and Americans. This begins with the dedication to Dr. Scott, of Bournemouth, England (the poet's home), and a few out of many physicians in other parts of the world 'who have brought me comfort and help;' for the list includes the name of Dr. Willey, of San Francisco, 'whose kindness to a stranger it must be as grateful to him, as it is touching to me, to remember.' There are poems addressed to Will H. Low, the painter, to Mrs. Low, and to Henry James—'our welcome James.' The march of civilization in America furnishes the poet with this simile:

As when the Indian to Dakota comes
Or farthest Idaho, and where he dwelt,
He with his clan, a humming city finds;
Thereon awhile, amazed, he stares, and then
To right and leftward, like a questing dog,
Seeks first the ancestral altars, then the hearth
Long cold with rains, and where old terror lodged,
And where the dead. So thee, undying Hope,
With all her pack, hunts screaming through the years:
Here, there, thou fleest; but nor here nor there
The pleasant gods abide, the glory dwells.

And there is a little poem called 'In the States':

With half a heart I wander here,
As from an age gone by;
A brother—yet, though young in years,
An elder brother, I.

You speak another tongue than mine,
Though both were English born.
I towards the night of time decline,
You mount into the morn.

Youth shall grow great and strong and free,
But age must still decay:
To-morrow for the States—for me,
England and Yesterday.

This point, we say, first strikes the American reader who picks up Mr. Stevenson's second book of verse. Another thing that he will notice, though not he alone, is the greater range of theme and variety of manner in this as compared with the earlier volume, 'A Child's Garden of Verse'—a

* Underwoods. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Author's Edition. \$2. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

thing to be expected, of course, in a book addressed to older minds. What was also to be expected, perhaps, though one is not altogether prepared for it, is the revelation here made of the author's deeper self, for which one may ransack in vain the marvellous series of tales and sketches that bear his name. The tone of his prose works is so cheerful and courageous, their atmosphere so clear and invigorating, their philosophy—unobtrusive as it is—is so delightfully optimistic, that one feels them to be the product of a strong and healthy hand, as well as of a mind no less vigorous than acute. But in these poems, addressed to his friends, to himself, and to his Maker, he has taken the poet's privilege and bared his heart. Herein a deeper and a sadder note is struck. Herein we find revealed the misery of that hand-to-hand struggle with disease, that daily-renewed compromise with death, which has attended all his literary labors without perceptibly affecting them. The shadow is permitted to fall here, in these 'Underwoods,' where he speaks in lower tones to a smaller audience than his stories reach—an audience composed of those who have learned from his writings to love not only the book, but the man behind the book. Yet even in these purely personal poems, one feels that the poet is not using a perfectly natural and accustomed medium. There is a slight formality, a constraint, about them, from which the confessions of one who was a poet not by birth only, but by habit, would be free. And yet there are lines and stanzas here that show both the poetic insight and the accomplished hand. We can quote but little, beginning with the following brief *apologia pro vita sua*—an excuse for the choice of a literary vocation by the son of a race of lighthouse-builders:

Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labors of my sires, and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: 'In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.

The source of that strength and courage which have enabled Mr. Stevenson to fight a losing battle with smiling serenity, are uncovered in this appeal:

Not yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,
Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonored, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay,
Thy body, now beleagued; whether soon
Or late she fall; whether to-day thy friends
Bewail thee dead, or, after years, a man
Grown old in honor and the friend of peace.
Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours;
Each is with service pregnant; each reclaimed
Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign.

Our last quotation must be 'The Celestial Surgeon':

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

The Scottish dialect poems, to be found in the latter half of the book, interest us less than the English, with the ex-

ception of one 'To Dr. John Brown.' They are in a lighter vein, more humorous, and at the same time more monotonous, than the verses that precede them.

Mr. Finck's "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty."*

'THERE is no new thing under the sun' said the Preacher, some thousands of years ago; and the opinion was probably an old one even then—what the slangy and irreverent of the present day would call a 'chestnut.' Old and venerable as the utterance is, Mr. Finck has the temerity to question—nay, to deny it; and this not casually, not *en passant*, as it were, but seriously and laboriously, in a book containing 550 pages of closely printed type. He may avoid quarreling with the Preacher, or with those who endorse the Preacher's dictum, by saying that the thing he has discovered did not exist at all when 'Ecclesiastes' was written, and so was not 'a new thing under the sun.' But this would be hiding behind a technicality, and Mr. Finck is not the man to do that. He is, we may say for the enlightenment of the non-elect, an American gentleman of German extraction—a Harvard A.M.—who advocates the cause of German music in the columns of the New York *Evening Post*, of which excellent journal he has long been the musical editor. Albeit somewhat narrow in his critical views, he is by no means uninstructed in the science and art of music; and his professional writings have a vigor and aggressiveness of style which gratify those who agree with them, while exasperating those who look at the subjects under treatment from a different point of view.

Mr. Finck's discovery—theory, we should rather say—is not, however, a matter of special interest to the musical world. Its import is universal. Love, Romantic Love (the capitals are not ours)—is his theme; and his song is not satire but philosophy. The discovery which he claims to have made is that Romantic Love is a sentiment of modern growth. The assertion that Love (Mr. Finck personifies it, and we have caught his trick of using the capital L)—the statement that Love 'has existed at all times, and in every country,' he contemns as a 'rhetorical commonplace.' Dr. Eckstein's declaration (based on Ovid's 'Ars Amoris') that the Love of the ancient Romans was identical with modern Love, is stigmatized as an instance of hasty generalization. Here is the text of the volume: 'Conjugal Love is, indeed, often celebrated by Greek, Hebrew, and other ancient writers; but regarding Romantic—or pre-matrimonial—Love (which alone forms the theme of our novelists), they are silent. The Bible takes no account of it, and although Greek literature and mythology seem at first sight to abound in allusions to it, critical analysis shows that the reference never is to Love as we understand it.' We suppose Mr. Finck takes as a type of Greek Love the kind that Protesilaos recommends to Laodameia as meeting the approval of the gods,

A fervent, not ungovernable, love.

It is generally admitted that the union between Adam and Eve was mainly a *mariage de convenance*; but we have always felt that there was something very Romantic (as well as something very Apocryphal!) about his attachment to Lilith—a subject on which the Hebrew writers are not silent. And though there was much that was practical in Jacob's serving fourteen years for Sarah, a similar case of 'pre-matrimonial' devotion would infallibly be described in the newspapers of to-day as a 'romance in real life.' There was romance enough, we had always thought, in the courtship of Hero by Leander; and there was certainly a very romantic side to Paris's affair with Helen, which, though the lady in the case was a married woman, was strictly 'pre-matrimonial' so far as the Trojan was concerned. And, coming down to the Eleventh Century, what was the Love of Abelard for Eloise, if not Romantic? But Modern Love

* Romantic Love and Personal Beauty. By Henry T. Finck. 2s. New York: Macmillan & Co.

is something different—something whose gospel, 'the romantic adoration of a maiden by a youth,' was 'revealed for the first time' in Dante's 'Vita Nuova.'

Mr. Finck does not devote his whole book to the maintenance of this theory. It is set forth in the opening chapter; after which the 'causal relations and historic and national peculiarities' of Romantic Love and Personal Beauty are treated of with a patient thoroughness and elaboration that would do credit to a writer born and bred in Germany, and not merely of German descent. The many chapters in the volume are subdivided into numerous sections, like that on 'Overtones of Love,' in which eleven 'overtones' (a word borrowed from the musician's vocabulary) are considered, under such headings as 'Individual Preference,' 'Jealousy,' 'Coyness,' 'Gallantry,' 'Emotional Hyperbole,' etc.; and that on 'Insanity and Love,' wherein 'Analogies' and 'Erotomania, or Real Love-Sickness,' are treated of. Every phase of the sentiment or passion is considered, and such delicate and difficult questions are grappled with as 'Is First Love Best?' and 'Can American Negroes Love?' 'How to Win Love' has a chapter to itself, in which the potency of uniforms and brass buttons (if one is a young man) and of powders, potions and four-leaved clovers (if one is a maiden), is dilated upon with a calmness that brings assurance in its train. In the latter half of the book, which is devoted more particularly to Beauty, one chapter is given up to 'The Feet' (with a section on 'The Development of the Great Toe'); another to the 'Chest and Bosom'; others to the 'Jaw, Chin and Mouth,' 'The Eyes,' 'The Hair,' etc.; and one to the rival claims of Blondes and Brunettes. Various national types of beauty are discussed; and 'concerning the multitudinous mixture of nationalities in the United States,' it is confidently affirmed that 'the finest ingredient in it is the English.' But beauty without brains, Mr. Finck discovers, has lost its power to charm: it is too common nowadays to hold attention for a moment.

The treatise is a storehouse of facts relating to the topics of which it treats, and is written in a style that is anything but dull. The author is not deficient in humor, as we had fancied him to be from his musical criticisms; now and then he says a good thing very quietly. Apropos of a remark of Lord Bacon's which he has occasion to quote, he says: 'If Bacon did not write the plays of Shakspeare'—and you of course expect some serious utterance on the vexed question of their authorship, only to be knocked on the head with the ludicrous *sequitur*—'it was the biggest mistake of his life!'

Railroads in China.*

THE BRILLIANT young cavalry raider of our Civil War, and the captor of Jefferson Davis, has become, twenty years later, the bold rider over the plains of China. Already a veteran in railroad enterprise and management, having left the trooper's saddle for the railway-president's chair, he crossed the seas to the Middle Kingdom to inquire into the possibilities of laying iron rails over graves and rice fields. He rode on horseback thousands of miles, threaded his way along the ancient mass of brickwork which in our country would stretch from Boston to Topeka, examined the Grand Canal, climbed mountains, communed with Confucius at his tomb, and saw China with the engineer's eye. He has come back, told his story, and given his verdict. The story is well told, and the verdict is favorable. Without enthusiasm, and fully conscious of the difficulties to be surmounted, Gen. Wilson believes that China will have railroads before many decades shall have passed. Nay, more; she *must* have them. China's next door neighbors are now England, Russia and France—with Japan as a possible hornets' nest, across the steam-ferry of the Yellow Sea. For ages, China's strength lay in her isolation. Her wise men made it their

study to insulate her from the shock of change. When, in mediæval times, the Northmen of Asia, the Japanese searovers, harried her shores, she made desolation her defence. Now she can no more pursue the tortoise-like policy of withdrawing in her shell to resist stings and blows. India and Siberia are being furnished with military roads built of steel, and the Cossack now rides on an iron horse. China must have rapid transit to her threatened frontiers. Man and horse, ammunition and artillery must move by traction. Further, the telegraph must come, too. The Peking mandarins, in order to control Corea, and checkmate the Japanese, have constructed a line of telegraph to Séoul—and compelled the Coreans to pay for it. By wily craft, they have also, thus far, prevented the Japanese from getting the desired and treaty-guaranteed line from Séoul to Fusan, and thence to Tokio. A successful object-lesson in Corea will help progress in China. Already, however, wires from Tientsin to Peking, and between other important points, are in operation. The lines in all form a system containing five thousand miles of wire. To have telegraphs is to have railroads. By long and patient topographic examinations, by study of the people and of books and writings, and by interviews with the Chinese rulers, the General has framed his cautious opinions. Apart from the value which his book may have for students of finance, investors and men of enterprise, we have in it a delightful narrative of travel. It is not like the average book on China, for it takes us out of the beaten track, besides showing us many things unnoticed by the ordinary tourist. The author gives us also a glimpse of Japan, to which country he paid two visits. His matter is well arranged; and preface, table of contents, index, and colored map, lend their aid in making his book a work of permanent value.

Charlotte Brontë and Charles Darwin.*

THE LIVES of Charlotte Brontë and Charles Darwin are told in two recent issues in the Great Writers Series. We notice the books together simply for convenience, and not because of any fancied relation between their subjects. Charlotte Brontë's life has for most of us a fascination almost equal to that of her novels. Meagre as the incidents were, the record of her thoughts and feelings and literary struggles, and of that narrow intellectual life hard to bear because she was conscious of its narrowness, is as thrilling to the appreciative reader as any chronicle of far more stirring events. Mrs. Gaskell's Life was so admirable that it almost seemed to leave nothing to be desired, yet the new records added to it from time to time have all had their special interest. A new biography would always be read with avidity, for one more crumb of fact or fancy about so wonderful a woman; and such a biography now appears (1), written by Augustine Birrell, the graceful author of 'Obiter Dicta,' whose name is in itself an added guarantee of a wide circle of readers. Mr. Birrell gives some new facts about Patrick Brontë, the father; and he dispels the time-honored illusion of Jane Eyre's having been refused by a round of publishers; but as a whole his book owes its undoubted charm to the style of the biographer, who is able to invest a very familiar subject with new grace and feeling. Every page is a delight, because of the literary art, which betrays no consciousness of art or effort, conspicuous in every line.

The biography of Darwin, by G. T. Bettany (2), chronicles almost wholly Darwin's intellectual life, the book being absolutely without incident except as it records his birth, his journey to Brazil, his marriage, and his death. It gives a valuable summary, a vivid impression, of the nature dealt with, in a way that surpasses often the effect of more elaborate effort. We see the man's methods of work and thought, we are made familiar with his ideas and experiments and theories, with a clearness we might look for in vain from a volume three times as large. This epitomizing of great

* China: Travels and Investigations in the Middle Kingdom. By James Harrison Wilson. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* 1. Charlotte Brontë. By Augustine Birrell. 2. Charles Darwin. By G. T. Bettany. 50 cts. each. (Great Writers Series.) New York: Thomas Whittaker.

thoughts and of principles that have revolutionized the intellectual world, is of incalculable benefit to the average reader. Many a man who could never in the world be induced to read 'The Origin of Species' is glad to read a condensation such as this, which gives the pith of the argument, a clew to the experiments on which it was based, and—best of all—a revelation that Darwin's independence of thought never for a moment made him irreverent or indifferent.

Two Books of Poetry.*

THERE is a little German song that runs :

Ein Lied, es ist ein Engelsgruss
In guten und bösen Tagen.

A song that is really 'new' is indeed an 'angel's greeting,' as rare as the fabled 'angel visit.' Novelty in verse, in these unnovel, over-hackneyed times, is as difficult to find as a ruby diamond, and when found it is likely to be valued accordingly. Mere rhyming is a dangerous symptom of the period, increasing in frequency and malignity with every downpour of spring verse. An elegant art, doubtless—a refined accomplishment,—but an art and an accomplishment that ought to be kept under lock and key merely as art and accomplishment; displayed on rare occasions to sympathizing friends (and to friends only), and never to be ostentatiously bound in blue-and-gold and scattered promiscuously through the world. Miss Nora Perry is a graceful dilettante who comes perilously near making her verse a mere art or accomplishment. We find in her volume fancy, fluency, rhythm, cleverness; but we fail to find in it that inexplicable something which Heine speaks of in his

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder.

the *schmerz* in her 'New Songs and Ballads' (1) is a conjuring of the imagination; feeling is usually absent, while skill is abundantly present. There are two or three things, however, in her book over which we have pleasantly lingered. One is the really charming 'April the Handmaiden,' and another is the quaint Puritan reminiscence, 'Under the Mistletoe Bough.' Her verse strikes us in general as just such verse as the magazines never refuse, but such too as never reaches any high distinction of form or thought. It is full of grace, womanliness, delicacy, if you will, but it never flashes out on you suddenly like the hidden light in an opal, and it fails often to make itself remembered.

The same general charge of vagueness and lack of edge may be brought against Mr. Carpenter's 'Liber Amoris' (2)—a rather formidable essay on Love in three hundred pages, with notes. The episodes of the book are twined together by what the author calls 'Moon-Song,' 'Star-Song,' 'Wind-Song,' and 'Dawn-Song,' mistily metaphysical choral overtures that imitate (musically enough, often) the author's conception of a Greek chorus. The story imbedded in these nine or ten thousand lines is cast in blank verse, and relates to the times of the troubadours, wheeling about the figures and friendships of Dorian of Provence and Rupert de Lindenwald of Germany. The book containing the story has fallen into the hands of Brother Aurelius, who tells it to Brother Basil. It is a tale of antagonisms if not antipathies, of opposite natures, of wanderings to and fro in the Fourteenth Century, of passion, love, and death. It is needlessly nebulous and transcendental in our opinion, unless, apart from its ethical scope, it be intended to delineate manners and customs, theories and views of the Middle Ages. A plain tale, brief, passionate, high-strung, would have been better than these thousands of lines, in which we lose ourselves as in a moonlit sea. The poem possesses undoubted ability, it is resonant and melodious here and there, the cadences of some of the 'songs' are delightful; but even Love is not capable of such attenuation as we here find it subjected to.

* 1. New Songs and Ballads. By Nora Perry. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 2. Liber Amoris: Being the Book of Love of Brother Aurelius. By Henry Bernard Carpenter. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

"Yachts and Yachting."*

'YACHTS AND YACHTING' is a handsome octavo containing a 'History of American Yachting,' by Capt. R. B. Coffin, an account of the Mayflower and Galatea races, by C. E. Clay, a sketch of 'American Steam-Yachting,' by E. S. Jaffray, and a paper on 'British Yachting,' by C. J. C. MacAlister. The one hundred and ten illustrations and more, by Fred. S. Cozzens and others, outline the most notable of the many craft mentioned in the text, and afford an opportunity for comparative criticism of the varied details of build, rigging and general make-up. Capt. Coffin's narrative begins with the first regatta of the New York Yacht Club, in 1845, and treats, concisely, yet spiritedly, of all subsequent races, courses, and related episodes and incidents, down to the close of 1886. The Captain holds an impartial pen, yet he does not hesitate to express his opinions now and then, as, for instance, when he speaks of the 'stupid, ignorant prejudice' against centre-board vessels, and maintains that they are unquestionably faster, handier and safer than keel boats,—or when he criticises certain rulings of the New York Club, especially that in the Columbia-Livonia affair. His record is full of valuable material, giving the time made in the several races, the prizes contended for, and the disputes which seem the necessary accompaniments of all contests. Mr. Jaffray writes enthusiastically of the superior advantages of steam-yachts, but cools our ardor somewhat by estimating the annual expense of keeping such a luxury at from \$2500 to \$15,000. To keep Mr. Seymour's Radha afloat costs some \$3000 per month, while the yearly outlay on Mr. Bennett's Namouna is put at \$150,000. English yachting dates back to the time of the 'merrie monarch,' Charles II., who was fond of the sport, but failed to excite a like interest in it among his subjects; for though a club was formed at Queenstown, Ireland, in 1720, it was not till 1812 that the English Royal Yacht Club came into existence. During the last thirty years the pastime has grown rapidly in popularity, until now there are more than fifty clubs, with nearly twenty-five hundred vessels.

The American Electoral System.†

THIS WORK is not written along the same lines as Johnston's History of American Politics, though it reminds one of that useful manual. Mr. O'Neil has given us most of the substance of Johnston's 'Manual,' but with much added. We have in the present work a pretty full history of all the presidential elections. The letter of the Constitution and the actual history of its working are compared. Having read with fulness and care the pre-Constitutional literature of the subject, the early and the recent newspapers, biographies, letters, and the indispensable Niles Register, Mr. O'Neil clothes his narrative with freshness, and keeps off the doctrinaire's ground. He makes his history not from opinions pre-conceived as to what ought to be, but from what is, and has been. We have been agreeably surprised at the richness of graphic detail in the narrative, and at the abundance of references to authorities, showing the author's wide reading. The method of electing the President of the United States is the one theme discussed through all the statements of facts. It is astonishing that while other provisions of the Constitution have demonstrated the wisdom of the fathers, and while the various departments of our National Government work smoothly, the election of the executive is still our national and quadrennial torment. What havoc to trade, what unsettling of business, what waste of money, what floods of vituperation and scandal, what domestic misery, what caudle lectures even, has this one defective method caused! Mr. O'Neil, with so many other patriots and students, thinks the electoral system a failure, and passes in review attempts at reform, but does not

* Yachts and Yachting. By Capt. R. B. Coffin, C. E. Clay, E. S. Jaffray and C. J. C. MacAlister. New York: Cassell & Co.

† The American Electoral System. By Charles O'Neil. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

think a change for the better possible in these quiet times. 'Some great and grievous wrong must be perpetrated before a change can be effected. The people must be legally robbed of the Presidency two or three times, before they will take an interest in the subject.' With this frank avowal of the necessity and use of evil, the author closes his interesting study, adding some useful appendices, and furnishing us with a helpful index, which makes his work a most useful hand-book as well as a library adornment.

The Washington Monument in Verse.*

A SOLDIER and a scholar is a good combination for the making of a man, if not of a poet. Gen. Henry B. Carrington, of the United States Army, is the author of 'Battles of the Revolution,' the standard work on the subject, and so accepted by the military authorities in Great Britain, France and Germany, and in our own country. In the handsomely-printed pamphlet now published in Boston, he appears as a poet. 'The Obelisk and its Voices' and 'Washington and the Flag' are his two poems. Those who have visited, with observation, the white shaft on the banks of the Potomac commemorating the Father of his Country, or have studied its history, may know something of the inscribed stones which now line its inner walls. For years, when the monument disgraced the city, country, and Congress, as an abandoned stump, there was slowly accumulating in the lapidarium a heterogeneous collection of sculptured, carved, or inscribed stones, from almost every nation under heaven. In the great American Republic, the fire-companies, secret society lodges, Sunday-schools, and even children's societies, contributed liberally. The necessities of space have compelled the architect of the obelisk to saw off only the faces of these blocks, which now, set in the granite, bear their witness to the glory of Washington. Our poet describes, in smoothly flowing numbers, his ascent, candle in hand, on the slowly-moving elevator, until he gathered 'States and Ocean' to his view. Suffice it to say that Gen. Carrington's poetry is above the average of the patriot's strain—when the patriot is not primarily a poet. On each page, opposite the lines of the poem—a strophe to a page—a quotation from Washington's orders, letters or writings, or some delicious historical tidbit, is printed. The pamphlet has thus a unique value, whether as prose or rhyme.

The Magazines.

THERE is not much to gratify the taste of the literary reader in the September *North American*. The number opens with a note by the editor and proprietor, Mr. Rice, introducing a series of articles on 'Possible Presidents.' The place of honor in the series is devoted to a consideration of the claims of Mr. Blaine, of Maine. 'Each of these articles will be written by a friendly hand,' presumably an anonymous one, for the signature of the writer is missing from the present paper. In this case, however, the omission is not important; for every reader of the magazine will recognize, or think that he recognizes, the clanging rhetoric of 'Arthur Richmond' or 'Gail Hamilton'; and as these *noms de plume* are popularly supposed to belong to one and the same writer, Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, it will not matter very much on which of the two suspicion chiefly fastens. The author of the article, whoever she may be, holds that 'Mr. Blaine is the leading Presidential candidate of the country.' Mr. Henry Watterson, on the other hand, whose personal antagonism to Mr. Cleveland is well-known, declares, in 'The Democratic Party Outlook,' that the actual President of the United States will be re-elected. By working 'like a hodman' himself, and commanding others to work, the President has 'aroused a sense of fellow-feeling never before existing between a chief magistrate and the far-away masses.' He praises Mr. Cleveland's 'unflinching integrity and robust commonsense,' while deploring his disregard of the counsels of experienced Democratic leaders. Curiously enough, he claims that even the mistakes the President has made have redounded to his personal popularity. The accidental 'timeliness' of Mr. Jefferson Davis's paper on John C. Calhoun is derived from the talked-of personal meeting between

the President of the Union, and the ex-President of the Confederacy. Yan Phou Lee, a Chinaman, tells 'Why I am Not a Heathen,' David R. Locke pronounces 'High License no Remedy,' and Gen. Lloyd S. Bryce writes of the 'Service of Love' performed by the Militia.

The opening article of *Scribner's* is a description by Edward L. Wilson of a thousand-miles trip on the Nile to the Second Cataract, with interesting pictures from the author's own photographs. Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford describes 'Camping and Hunting in the Shoshone,' with exciting episodes from his own experience with grizzlies. The illustrations to this, if not from the author's own photographs, are at least from his own trophies. 'An Unpublished Draft of a National Constitution by Edmund Randolph,' contributed by Moncure D. Conway, is deeply interesting as showing that at the time of the framing of the Constitution there existed a strong feeling even at the South against State Rights. The ill-news that the Thackeray Letters will come to a close next month is alleviated by the fact that the October Letters will be those that Thackeray wrote from America. George T. Ladd, who writes of 'The Development of the American University,' has undoubtedly the right idea, that the true university should 'permit and encourage the greatest possible freedom and choice on the pupil's part,' but should only be open to those who have finished satisfactorily what Prof. Ladd calls the secondary education, following the primary and preceding the university education, which should devote itself to giving the student a long and thorough training in general culture. E. H. House, who has spent many years in Japan, contributes the first part of an entertaining story, 'The Sacred Flame of Torin Ji,' in which the hero is a rich young American and the heroine a Japanese girl. 'Flandroe's Mogul' is a strong short story by A. C. Gordon, which gives a vivid and pathetic picture of the struggle of an injured engineer to get damages from a corporation without a soul. Prof. Hill of Harvard writes of 'English in Newspapers and Novels,' and Maurice Thompson of the 'Motif of Bird-Song.'

The author of 'John Halifax' confesses that her very readable article in *The Forum*, 'Concerning Men,' seems in danger of drifting 'into an essay upon women; yet both are so inextricably mixed up together that it is difficult to divide them.' She finds that if women sin, 'it is generally through self-deception,' while men 'do it with their eyes open.' To Prof. E. D. Cope 'The Object of Life' appears to be 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' The 'Books that have Helped' the Rev. Dr. J. A. Jessopp at Oxford and in his church-work in England are Coleridge's, Tennyson's, St. Augustine's Confessions, Plato, Maitland's 'Dark Ages,' Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' Browning's 'Paracelsus,' Mill's 'On Liberty,' and Mr. Lowell's 'Biglow Papers.' In 'The Manners of Critics,' Mr. Andrew Lang defends 'the English school' of critics (if there really be such a thing) from Mr. Howells's attacks in *Harper's*. 'Critics in every land are a crowd, not a "school." Human nature being what it is, the few are just, sober, learned; the majority are hasty, petulant, prejudiced, and by no means free from that survival, "the savage pleasure of wounding." I have read with disgust, in England, criticisms of American authors which were mere explosions of spleen. But these exhibitions of temper do not make an "English School." Bishop Cox writes entertainingly, enthusiastically and persuasively in favor of fewer classical and more Indian 'American Geographical Names.' Prof. Young of Princeton tells of the 'Great Telescopes' of the world, to which attention has just been directed by the death of the most famous of telescope-makers, Mr. Alvan Clark.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, of *The Christian Union*, made a careful study last winter of the poetry of Robert Browning, preparatory to the writing of a lecture to be read at Williams and Wellesley Colleges. That lecture now appears in the August *Andover Review*. It is quite long, and as exhaustive as it would be easy to make a magazine article on so comprehensive a subject. The young men at Williams and the young ladies at Wellesley are to be congratulated on having had the opportunity of listening to so sound, so eloquent and so lucid an exposition of the scope and meaning of the poet's work. Mr. Mabie has a profound admiration for the genius of Browning; and his high opinion of the poetry in which it finds expression is set forth so logically and so judiciously, that new adherents must be gained, not from the ranks of those only to whom the poet is altogether unknown, but of those also who have looked just far enough into some of his longer poems to be repelled by verbal discords and metaphysical splittings. 'Some Sober After-Thoughts on Literature and Character' is a paper in which Miss Anna Laurens Dawes (daughter of the veteran Senator) reviews the apotheosis of Carlyle which followed immediately upon his death, the destruction of his altars which ensued upon the publication of the 'Reminiscences,' and the rehabilitation of the sage's character brought about by the appearance of Prof.

*The Obelisk and its Voices. By Gen. H. B. Carrington. \$1. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Norton's revised 'Reminiscences,' his personal 'Recollections,' and the Carlyle-Goethe Correspondence. The writer (who says some pretty sharp things of Carlyle's 'glow-worm' wife) urges a return to the old way of judging a man's works—by the standard of literary merit, that is to say, and not of personal character. Should not 'ironing at Hawarden,' by the way, read 'ironing at Haworth'?

An unusually good descriptive article in *The American Magazine*, by Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, is called 'Along the Carribean.' Lieut. W. S. Hughes gives some account of that 'New Navy' of ours, of which we are so sadly in need; and J. Macdonald Oxley writes of 'The Military System of Canada.' 'Jewish Progress in the United States,' by Dr. A. S. Isaacs, is a well-written paper which proves the existence of most kindly relations between church and synagogue. Mrs. Champney and Mrs. Lathrop contribute short stories, and Bessie Chandler, from whom we have had several good things lately in the way of verse, has a striking story called 'The Woman Who Failed,' showing the strain of poverty on even the strongest nerves, and illustrating Miss Phelps's declaration that the millenium will never come 'till human speech is guarded like human chastity.' Mr. Fawcett cannot excuse himself for the very unpleasant instalment of 'Olivia Delaplaine' on the ground that it is realistic; for if ever human beings did enter into the diabolical plot here developed, they would pay at least the homage to virtue of doing it with a secrecy too profound for even a novelist to study it from the outside.

Silence.

COME down from thine ærial height,
Spirit of the summer night!
Come stepping softly from the slender moon
Where thou dost lie upon her gentle breast,
And bring a boon
Of silence and of solace for our rest.
Or lift us, lift our souls to that bright place
Where she doth hide her face:
Lap us in light and lustrous fleece, and steep
Our hearts in stillness; drench in drowsy dreams;
Give us the pleasant languor that be seems,
And rock our sleep.
Quell thy barbed lightning in the sombre West;
Quiet thy thunder-dogs that bay the moon;
Soothe the day's fretting like a tender nurse;
Breathe on our spirits till they be in tune.
Were it not best
To hush all noises in the universe,
And bless with solemn quietude, that thus
The still, small voice of God might speak to us?

— DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

The Lounger

MR. RIDEING moralized in a recent Boston Letter on the fact that pirated novels are now offered for sale in drygoods shops for seven cents a copy. Shop-worn copies of paper editions, originally issued at twenty-five cents, are rebound with the imprint of the drygoods dealer on them, and sold to that enterprising worthy at \$50 a thousand. By selling them at seven cents, he makes a profit of \$20. It struck Mr. Rideing that this was getting the thing down pretty fine. And so it was, but it has been got down a good deal finer still; for in passing a newsstore in a Connecticut town a week or two ago, I saw a printed sign in the window: 'Complete novel for three cents. Ask for the—Library.' The next thing we know, popular English novels will be seen on the 'Take-one' tables in the great shops; and after that we shall probably be paid to take them home. But the people must have cheap books, even if we have to steal them. The American eagle has become a bird of prey, with a goatish taste for paper and printer's ink.

I HAVE FOUND not a little amusement in following a war of words that has been raging in the columns of *The Popular Science Monthly* ever since the dog-days set in. It did not begin as early as April, but the seed of strife was sown in an article by Dr. Wm. Hammond that appeared in that month's issue of the magazine. The subject was 'Brain-forcing in Childhood;' but the Doctor abandoned that comparatively safe field to insist on the smaller size and inferior weight and quality of women's brains as compared with men's. Miss Helen H. Gardener joined issue with him, at all points, in the June *Monthly*, especially criticising, and readily disproving, his assertion that children's heads do not grow after the

seventh year. A month later the Doctor came up to time with a sarcastic letter in which he pleaded the baby act, saying that he ought not to have written the word 'head,' but 'brain,' and implying that any one whose brains weighed more than a woman's would have understood that the writing of the shorter word was a slip, and not a deliberate act of penmanship.

THIS PLEA had at least the merit of frankness—to one who didn't remember Dr. Hammond's exact words. But unfortunately for him, Miss Gardener did remember them; and still more unfortunately, she reprints them, letter for letter, in the September *Monthly*; and here they are:

A fact which is somewhat astonishing to those not aware of it is, that the head of a boy or girl does not grow in size after the seventh year; so that the *hat* that is worn at that age can be worn just as well at thirty. In the meantime, the rest of the body has more than doubled in magnitude. Not only is the *brain larger*, but it is more excitable.

The last sentence (the italics throughout are ours) leaves Dr. Hammond without a leg to stand upon; for it shows that the statement that the head does not grow after the seventh year, while the brain *does*, was made with the utmost deliberation. 'Unless the Doctor is in the habit of fitting his hats to his brains and not to his head,' Miss Gardener unfeelingly observes, 'this last explanation is simply a bit of artful dodging.' It must be as unpleasant to an intellectual giant to be 'knocked out' by one whom, in the matter of brains, he regards as a feather-weight, as it would be to John L. Sullivan to be soundly 'punished' by Gen. Mahone.

IN CHINESE laundry circles, high and low, the absorbing topic of conversation is the recent arrest of one of the editors of *The Telegraph Pole Tell-Tale*—if that, translated, be the journal's name; a paper that has long been a power for good or ill in the Mott Street colony. This organ of Mongolian opinion is a pole that stands in front of the shop at No. 8; and its contents, in manuscript, are pasted upon it daily, to the instruction, enlightenment and edification of all who pass that way. It is written in Chinese characters; and a Caucasian policeman, to whom Chinese and Greek are all one, who caught Chu Yo in the act of publishing in its columns a poem, editorial, news-note, 'reading-notice,' or regular advertisement, as the case may have been, unceremoniously 'ran him in' for violating a city ordinance. The whole colony is up in arms, and some such scene as the Boston Tea-Party is among the possibilities. The freedom of the press has not often been so seriously imperilled in America. Policemen who are to do duty in Mott Street should be required to pass a competitive examination in Chinese.

MR. SMALLEY cables to the *Tribune* that 'The Athenæum' informs the English public that the paper which Mr. Gladstone has written for a Boston periodical is addressed as a personal appeal to young Americans. This may be news in England, but it is not news here. In his Boston Letter to THE CRITIC of July 30, Mr. Rideing said, referring to Mr. Gladstone's contribution, 'I am not at liberty to mention the subject of his article, and can only say that it is addressed as a personal appeal to Young Americans.' It was from this source that *The Athenæum* derived its information. If Mr. Smalley would read his CRITIC more carefully, it would save him some labor and his paper some expense.

A 'COLD-WATER CRANK' has written an editorial in *The Mail and Express* on the reported insanity of Mr. Ruskin, who is now traveling on the Continent. Great wits of Ruskin's kind, he thinks, are nearer allied to madness than any others; the great trouble with the author of 'Modern Painters' is, that he has probably 'inherited the tippler's brain.' Here is the cogent argument:

Ruskin inherited a very large fortune gained in the rum traffic, and the fanatical and superstitious are very apt to look upon money so accumulated as not a very happy inheritance. *That view may have its modicum of truth, too*, because, in the days of Ruskin's father, a man who dealt in liquors always sampled very freely his own wares, and to inherit the tippler's brain with his money would be to start life well advanced on the high road to the lunatic asylum.

LOCKS OF Mary Stuart's hair shown at the Peterboro exhibition vary greatly in color, and the question, Which is the 'true' color? is agitating many British minds. Among the MSS. preserved at Hatfield, the Marquis of Salisbury's seat, is a letter from N. White to Sir William Cecil, dated Feb. 26, 1569, in which the writer describes an interview with the Queen. 'Her hair is black,' says Mr. White; 'and yet Mr. Knollys told me that she wears hair of sundry colors.' And yet, again, Queen Victoria's 'authentic' lock of Mary's hair is blonde. Who was Junius? and who the mysterious wearer of the Iron Mask?

Boston Letter.

I SPENT a memorable day in Concord last week, visiting its shrines with Mr. G. B. Bartlett, the author of the excellent local guide-book, whose exhaustive and minute knowledge of every nook which history and literature have consecrated is freely put at the service of all who share his affectionate interest in the glories of the old town. Visitors come in large numbers every year to see the Old Manse, the Wayside, the Emerson House and Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne lie buried—the latter side by side with several of his children and grandchildren. On the day of my visit the cemetery was as full of moving figures as a city park, and Mr. Bartlett told me that this was not an unusual thing. It would be cynical to inquire how much of this homage is based on reverent understanding, and how much on an empty curiosity stirred up by the reëchoing of a name. I will venture to say that the grave of Thoreau, at all events, is viewed by many who never read a line of his books, and who repeat his name with only a confused comprehension of his personality. There is a great deal of what James Payn calls 'sham admiration in literature'—in other words, praise of authors by persons who have never read them; but though one may suspect the limitations of the popular knowledge of Thoreau (whose spirit, by the way, must be sadly perturbed by the swings and merry-go-rounds of a noisy picnic ground which has been established on the shore of Walden Pond), the interest in Emerson and Hawthorne is more intelligent and genuine, and sometimes very touching. Seeing how his haunts have been profaned, the sylvan philosopher has little inducement to leave the tenement he occupies near the massive boulder of pink quartz, which, without any inscription—not even an initial or a date—marks the resting-place of Emerson under a lofty pine. The simplicity of this memorial is a puzzle to many visitors. 'When is it to be finished? This, of course, is only temporary,' they say, not understanding that the builders have trusted posterity to remember.

The old town looked very bright and prosperous, and on this autumnal morning the foliage was as fresh as in the spring. But the literary glories of Concord are now preserved only in shadows and monuments and reminiscences. There is no successor to Hawthorne or Emerson, and the descendant of the recluse of Walden Pond by a literary lineage (a clarified and mellifluous product of the original) bears the name of John Burroughs, and lives at West Park on the Hudson. The small band-box of the Alcotts has been closed for a year or more, and father and daughter are living elsewhere. Neither Julian Hawthorne nor Geo. P. Lathrop ever stayed long in Concord, though both have at times occupied the Wayside, which is now the property of Mr. Lothrop, the Boston publisher, whose wife, widely known to the readers of children's books as 'Margaret Sidney,' reverently cares for the old homestead. F. B. Sanborn is still a resident of the town, however; and I found Prof. W. T. Harris living in a cottage on the same slope which, higher up, gives foundation to the barn-like, unpainted house of the School of Philosophy. Emerson's house is still occupied by his widow and his daughter Ellen, and the library, even to the books on the table, is as he left it.

Constant intrusion is the penalty of living in a house which has sheltered a famous man; and not satisfied with merely seeing, some of the visitors beg for relics. A pair of trowsers to be cut up into a rug would have suited one of the recent beggars; while another, who was gratified, asked for a few grasshoppers, which she wished to colonize in her own garden. Visitors who come with proper credentials are well treated in Concord—better, no doubt, than they would have been by Wordsworth, who, when Harriet Martineau went to live near him in the Lake Country, said: 'You'll have some people calling on you who will want to see you,

though, of course, not as many as I have. Some of them will have to be entertained. If they are satisfied with tea, give it to them; but if they want meat, send them to the inn.'

An ingenious writer in the Boston *Herald* has been attempting to prove that 'Gail Hamilton' and 'Arthur Richmond' of *The North American Review* are one person, his method of establishing the identity being that of Prof. Mendenhall, which was described in a paper read by him before the Association for the Advancement of Science. Prof. Mendenhall maintains that every author makes use of a vocabulary peculiar to himself, the character of which does not materially change from year to year during his productive period; that personal peculiarities in the construction of sentences will, in the long run, recur with such regularity that short words, long words, and words of medium length, will reappear with definite relative frequency, and that by what he calls a 'word spectrum,' or 'characteristic curve,' the authorship of an anonymous composition may be discovered with as much certainty as the stars are sifted by spectrum analysis. It is not necessary to quote further, as the paper was published in *Science*, some time ago, and noticed in *THE CRITIC*. Applying the method to 'Gail Hamilton' and 'Arthur Richmond,' the author of the article in the *Herald* is satisfied that he has established his point. May not two, or three, or four persons, have the same 'characteristic curve'? It is only a question of what one considers proof, he says. 'If the curves alone are considered, there is simply strong ground for suspicion; but it should be remembered that if there is any reason for suspecting a writer before his curve is compared with that of the anonymous author, any resemblance between the curves has many times the significance that it would have if the writer were simply one of a number taken at random. If your hen-house has been robbed and boot-tracks are found about it, it is one thing to find that the tracks are fitted exactly by the boot of a chicken thief seen prowling about, and it is quite another thing to find that the boot of one of twenty citizens taken at random also fits the tracks. In one case you have almost conclusive evidence; in the other case you have possibly only a coincidence.'

Ticknor & Co. will publish next week inexpensive editions of 'The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson' and 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife,' each in two volumes. They will, at the same time, add 'A Modern Instance,' by W. D. Howells, to their Paper Series, and issue a new novel by an anonymous author, to which is given the inexplicable title of 'An Operetta in Profile.' Cupples & Hurd will have in their fall list 'Letters from Colorado,' in rhyme, by H. L. Wason; 'Old New England Towns,' a story by Mrs. Sophie M. Damon; 'Bledisloe,' a novel of English life, by Ada M. Trotter; 'The Last Von Reckenburg,' a story translated from the German by Mary J. Safford; and 'Zorah,' a novel by E. Balch, the author of 'Mustard Leaves.'

The wails of the unappreciated are often shrill and bitter with reproaches, but they are seldom as frenzied as this advertisement which appears in a recent number of *The Athenæum*.

FAREWELL LITERATURE!—'The Palace of the Czar is not more shut unto the vile than is Apollo's fane.' A Homer, a Virgil, a Dante, and a Shakespeare all in one would struggle in vain to break through the present Literary Ring, and die at last with blasted brain and broken heart, 'villainously robb'd of Nature's choicest boon.' Let any that read this and love their native land reflect that that Copyright-engender'd Vampire is dooming poor England to the most miserable of all possible deaths—paralysis of the brain. I have done. I have said my very last word. Farewell, Literature!

It is an answer to itself. The style of the advertisement is the style of the advertiser's rejected articles, and yet he wonders that he did not succeed, and vainly thinks that there is a conspiracy to keep him down! Such a leave-taking in a three-and-sixpenny valedictory cannot be too expeditious.

BOSTON, August 29, 1887.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

The Thackeray Letters.

THACKERAY has lived again in the delightful letters to the Brookfields, printed in *Scribner's Magazine*; and now that the series is drawing to a close, it seems almost as if he himself were passing away a second time. Next month the last instalment of them will appear, consisting entirely of letters written in America. In the September magazine, there are fewer letters than usual; but they are charming as any that have preceded them, and are pieced out with anecdotes—two contributed by Mrs. Brookfield, and a number of others by his friend Miss Kate Perry. The first letter, dated 'Paris, 1851,' is called 'A Story with a Moral,' and runs as follows:

Last night I went to a party at the house of my mother's friend Madame Colemache (who introduced me to Madame Ancelot the authoress, who was dying to see me, said Madame Colemache, only I found on talking to Madame Ancelot that she didn't know who I was, and so was no more dying than the most lively of us) and coming down stairs with my Ma I thought to myself, I will go home and have an hour's chat with her, and try and cheer and console her, for her sad tragic looks melted my heart, and always make me think I am a cruel monster; and so I was very tender and sentimental and you see caressed her filially as we went down. It was a wet night and the fly was waiting, and she was just going to step in—but there entered at the house door a fiddler with his fiddle under his arm, whom when dear old *Mater dolorosa* beheld, she said, 'O! that is Monsieur *un tel* who has come to play a duo with Laure; I must go back and hear him.' And back she went, and all my sentimentality was gulped down and I came home and sent the fly back two miles for her, with Jeames to escort her in the rain. The Moral is that women with those melancholy eyes, and sad, sad looks are not always so melancholy as they seem; they have consolations—amusements, fiddlers, etc. . . .

From the next we take this fragment:

. . . Nobody here but — and the Duchess, who don't show at breakfast, and—no, I won't go on writing this dreary nonsense, which was begun before I went out for a long walk and then for a ride. Both were exceedingly pleasant, for there is a beautiful park and gardens and conservatories, and only to see the ducks on the water, and the great big lime trees in the avenue, gives one the keenest sensual pleasure. The wind seemed to me to blow floods of health into my lungs, and the man I was walking with was evidently amused by the excitement and enjoyment of his companion. I recollect His Reverence at Clevedon being surprised at my boyish delight on a similar occasion. It is worth living in London, surely, to enjoy the country when you get to it; and when you go to a man's grounds and get into raptures concerning them, pointing their beauties out with eagerness and feeling, perhaps the host gets a better opinion of his own havings and belongings.

The following letter was written March 18, 1852, on the death of Mr. Brookfield's father.

MY DEAR WM.:—I have just received your kind message and melancholy news. Thank you for thinking that I'm interested in what concerns you, and sympathize in what gives you pleasure or grief. Well, I don't think there is much more than this to-day; but I recall what you have said in our many talks of your father, and remember the affection and respect with which you always regarded and spoke of him. Who would wish for more than honor, love, obedience and a tranquil end to old age? And so that generation which engendered us passes away, and their place knows them not; and our turn comes when we are to say good-bye to our joys, struggles, pains, affections—and our young ones will grieve and be consoled for us and so on. We've lived as much in 40 as your good old father in his four score years, don't you think so?—and how awfully tired and lonely we are. I picture to myself the placid face of the kind old father with all that trouble and doubt over—his life expiring with supreme blessings for you all—for you and Jane and unconscious little Magdalene prattling and laughing at life's threshold; and know that you will be tenderly cheered and consoled by the good man's blessings for the three of you; while yet, but a minute, but yesterday, but all eternity ago, he was here loving and suffering. I go on with the paper before me—I know there's nothing to say—but I assure you of my sympathy and that I am yours, my dear old friend, affectionately.

From Miss Perry's recollections of Thackeray we quote the following anecdotes.

In the earliest days of our friendship he brought his morning

work to read to me in the evening; he had just commenced 'Vanity Fair,' and was living at the Old Ship Inn, where he wrote some of the first numbers. He often then said to me: 'I wonder whether this will take, the publishers accept it, and the world read it?' I remember answering him that I had no reliance upon my own critical powers in literature; but that I had written to my sister, Mrs. Frederick Elliot, and said 'I have made a great friendship with one of the principal contributors of *Punch*—Mr. Thackeray; he is now writing a novel, but cannot hit upon a name for it. I may be wrong, but it seems to me the cleverest thing I ever read. The first time he dined with us I was fearfully alarmed at him. The next day we walked in Chichester Park, when he told all about his little girls, and of his great friendship with the Brookfields, and I told him about you and Chesham Place.' When he heard this, and my opinion of his novel, he burst out laughing, and said: 'Ah! Mademoiselle (as he always called me), it is *not* small beer; but I do not know whether it will be palatable to the London folks. He told me, some time afterward, that, after ransacking his brain for a name for his novel, it came upon him unawares, in the middle of the night, as if a voice had whispered, 'Vanity Fair.' He said, 'I jumped out of bed, and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.'

Thackeray's love of children was one of the strongest feelings of his heart. In a little poem, 'The Golden Pen,' published in his 'Miscellanies,' which is, perhaps, the truest portrait of him which has ever appeared, he writes:

There's something, even in his bitterest mood,
That melts him at the sight of infancy;
Thank God that he can love the pure and good.

This sympathy with the little ones was not only proved by his immense devotion to his own most gifted children, but extended to the little 'gutter child,' as the trim board-school girl of to-day was called then. For this waif of society he felt the tenderest pity and interest. He used often to visit a school where my dear sister had collected nearly three hundred of these neglected children, feeding, teaching, and clothing them, and, with the help of other kind souls, preparing them in some degree to fight the battle of life, in which there are many crosses—but few Victoria ones. . . . Another day, I found a sovereign under a paper containing the names of some friends of the school who had joined in a subscription to give the children a day's holiday in the country. I said to my servant, 'Mr. Thackeray has been here,' and found from him this was the case. I knew my instinct was right, that it was his hand which had placed the money there. His charity was very wide, in the fullest sense of the word. He has been known to discover, in some remote corner, the hapless artist or dramatist who in his palmy days had not thought much of that night—old age—'when no more work can be done.' Thackeray would mount the many steps leading to the desolate chamber—administer some little rebuke on the thoughtlessness of not laying by some of the easily gained gold of youth or manhood, and slipping, as in one instance, into an old blottingbook, a 100*l.* note, would hurry away. 'I never saw him do it,' said poor old P—. 'I was very angry because he said I had been a reckless old goose—and then a 100*l.* falls out of my writingbook. God bless him!' . . .

Thackeray had been asked to join some friends at dinner, but not arriving at the prescribed hour, the guests sat down without him. Among them was Mr. H—, the author of some of the most charming books of the day. The conversation being more literary than otherwise, Thackeray (then at the very height of his fame) came under discussion, and, some of his greatest friends and admirers being present, he was spoken of with unqualified admiration. Mr. H— was the exception, and dissented from us, in very unmeasured terms, in our estimate of Thackeray's character. Judging, he said, 'from the tenor of his books, he could not believe how one who could dwell, as he did, on the weakness and absurdities and shortcomings of his fellow-creatures, could possess any kind or generous sympathies toward the human race.' He concluded his severe judgment by saying that, 'He had never met him, and hoped he never should do so.' We were all so occupied by this fiery debate that we did not observe that, under the sobriquet of some jail-bird of the day, Thackeray had slipped into his chair, and heard much that was said, including the severe peroration. A gentle tap on Mr. H—'s shoulder, and, in his pleasant, low voice, Thackeray said, 'I, on the contrary, have always longed for the occasion when I could express, personally, to Mr. H—, the great admiration I have always felt for him, as an author and a man.' It is pleasant to think they became fast friends thereafter.

Am I a Genius?

[The St. James's Gazette.]

FASCINATING as is the question, What is Genius? propounded by a writer in *The St. James's Gazette* the other day, it is perhaps more pleasantly expressed in the personal form. This gives it a human interest. I confess to having often put the problem to myself, though perhaps less frequently of late than when I was nineteen. Sometimes I murmur, Am I a Genius? forgetting that Gilmour is present (or possibly just to hear what he will say), and he answers No. His mind is not of the reflective order. He looks problems of great moment cheerily in the face, and passes them by.

The writer of the article referred to says, very truly, that if we cannot easily decide what genius is, we can at least clear the ground by deciding what it is not. The more I seek to know myself the more certain do I feel that Carlyle was wrong in defining genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Allowing that I am a genius, but leaving my natural bent an open question (for I have still to decide whether it is as a philosopher, or a man-of-letters, or by reason of indomitable energy as a magnificently practical man), it is not because I take infinite pains. More satisfactory to me is Kenny Meadows's distinction between genius and talent—namely that the former is power without effort, and the latter power with effort. I am inclined to think that mine is power without effort. I always liked to dash a thing off and be done with it. Of course, where you cannot do this it is creditable to you to make the effort; but you ought clearly to understand that that is talent. For my own part, I have never desired talent, and there seems to me something pathetic as well as praiseworthy in the way Carlyle sat up through the long nights acquiring power with effort. As an ambitious man, he had doubtless no other course open to him, though genius lying on its back cannot help smiling at talent in its shirt-sleeves.

The St. James's writer pertinently remarks that the question, What is Genius? has one great merit. If the response is genuine (as I hope mine is), it gives a flash into the character of the person interrogated. 'If he will but give you the real thought of his heart on this point, you can tell at once to what order of minds he belongs; whether to the contemplative or the imaginative, the purely intellectual or the plainly practical.' Did this require proof, it would be found in the cases of Carlyle and myself; for he adopted the definition, An infinite capacity for taking pains, while I lean to Power without effort. There is an obvious danger here; for this means that a man is unconsciously biased by the force of his own personality. Whether we are ever to attain a true definition of genius or not, it seems certain that the great mass of mankind are incapacitated for the search. Carlyle certainly was prejudiced; indeed, the most conclusive proof of this was not his definition drawn from his own personality (talent, I fear, we must call it), but his incapacity to see that there were other possible definitions, and that one of them might be the true one while his was false. I am not prejudiced in that way. Naturally (for we all have our weaknesses), I like to think that genius is power without effort, or, rather, that power without effort is genius; but I am prepared to admit that I may be wrong. If we are to inquire into this matter at all, let us do it with open minds. If you prefer to think that genius is power with effort instead of without effort, then by all means acknowledge Carlyle a genius and leave me out. Probably we are at least agreed on this point—that, if Carlyle was a genius, I am not; and *vice versa*.

Just as we can decide what is not genius, though we are unable to say what is, we can say who are not geniuses without fixing easily upon who are. Thus I know that Gilmour is not a genius. The very suggestion that he is would raise a smile on the face of every intelligent person who knows him. Does this, however, help us? What is it in Gilmour that makes us so sure of him? Is he lacking in certain qualities or powers which, whether they make genius or not, are to be found in, say me? Undoubtedly. He is dull of perception; when he attempts to argue he quickly gets out of his depth; he falls asleep as soon as he goes to bed; and he is invariably bright and cheerful. With me it is very different. I am astonishingly quick at reading between the lines, as the phrase goes; and so far as argument is concerned, I am never in my element until I reach deep water. The unfathomable sea of thought, in which Gilmour would drown, seems to bear me up. While he, not caring whether he is a genius or not so long as he gets a good night's rest, falls asleep, I lie awake busy with the problems of my personality. As a result he gets through more work in the daytime than I do, for I require to rest on the sofa during the afternoon. By that time my brain is tired out. Lastly, I am by no means the invariably cheerful person that he is. He is always the same—ever the characteristic of a commonplace person—while my moods are as changeable as those of hoary ocean. There are times when

I am the best of company, and when nothing puts me out. Then my wit sparkles, and if it cuts also, that is because I use a keen rapier. At other times I pass out of the sun into shadow. Then let no one speak to me, for I am in a world of my own. Possibly I am communing with the mighty dead. The slightest thing seems to send me out of the one mood into the other, such as my pipe not drawing properly. In Carlyle this dark mood of mine showed itself in irritability, which suggests a lighter nature. I am never irritable myself, so long as there is nothing extraordinary to put me out. Still, it is interesting to note that here is something which, in its different forms, if characteristic of myself and Carlyle, but is wholly lacking in Gilmour. Might we say that irritability goes with Power with effort, while the dark mood (as seen in Byron, Shelley, and others) is the natural accompaniment of Power without effort? That seems a conclusion fair to all parties.

Admirable though the article which suggests these reflections is, it is perhaps unnecessarily despondent. There is one way in which we may arrive at a definition of genius that has escaped the writer. He is quite correctly of opinion that genius is not a word of different meanings, but rather 'some peculiar mental quality in common between the soldier and the poet.' The difficulty is to say what that quality is; but I think I can manage it. We must start with the assumption that I am a genius, and then go over the various definitions, striking out as false those which do not apply. In this way we at once get rid of the Carlylean definition. It is granted that I am a genius, but it is equally certain that I have no infinite capacity for taking pains. Already, therefore, we have made an advance. The common creed with the populace, as our writer points out, is that genius is synonymous with success. I have, however, been less successful than I could have wished; indeed, every one whom I know that pretends to genius has been unsuccessful. Of course one may be unsuccessful without being a genius. Still this excludes another common view. For the same reason we may safely disregard the business-man's theory that genius is 'a large general capacity specially turned in a particular direction.' I have taken care not to turn my capacity into any special groove: indeed, I have tried several directions for it at different times and given them all up: which seems to favor the belief that genius rebels against restraint. Nor is genius 'a noble enthusiasm constraining the person possessed by it to action of an heroic kind'; for though I am momentarily enthusiastic, nothing comes of it. In this way we shut out all the definitions but two: namely, Power without effort—to which I must plead guilty—and 'a creative power working in strict accordance with nature and the fitness of things.' I feel these two in equal degrees; and they are also to be found in men of such opposite types as Napoleon the Great and Wordsworth. Yes; there can be no genius where there is no creative power. Gilmour's observation upon this, is that I have created nothing. That is true; but I am going to,

A Hundred American Newspapers.

[The New York Sun.]

WE have received from a postal-card correspondent this somewhat unexpected and embarrassing request:

What are the hundred leading daily newspapers of the United States? Please name them according to your honest opinion.

Whether our correspondent's question is suggested by the various century lists which it is just now the fashion for the idly curious to frame—the hundred best novels, the hundred greatest authors, the hundred most eminent men of the time, and so forth—or whether he has in view the more practical purpose of stocking a reading-room with a fair representation of the contemporary literature of American journalism, we have no means of knowing. It is not always easy to say what constitutes a leading newspaper. Weight and influence of editorial opinion, news enterprise, literary qualities, circulation, notoriety, geographical situation, and even accident, all have something to do with the matter. It is not difficult to name dozens of journals that certainly belong among the leaders; but when it comes to filling out the list to the exact number specified, to deciding between the rival claims of newspapers of nearly equal importance, to beckoning this newspaper into the front seats and waving that one to a place behind the ribbon, the task becomes both arduous and delicate. It is very much like attempting to make a list of the hundred 'best citizens' of a town. The choice must in some cases be arbitrary, and must depend largely upon the personal inclinations and point of view of the person or persons intrusted with the responsibility of selection.

Nevertheless, the question is rather interesting, and we are tempted to furnish our correspondent with a list of the 100 newspapers, from among the 1,200 or 1,300 published daily in the United States, which in our opinion should be classed for one rea-

son or another as leaders in the journalistic community. They are all printed in the English language. They are not all to our liking. Several of them would be comparatively insignificant were it not for considerations of locality. The matter of political opinion, of course, does not influence the composition of the list, except so far as the weight and character of a newspaper's opinions seem to us to entitle it to a place that it would not otherwise obtain. Here is the experimental list:

Lewiston Journal.
Portland Press.
Concord Monitor.
Manchester Union.
Burlington Free Press.
Boston Advertiser.
Boston Globe.
Boston Herald.
Boston Journal.
Boston Post.
Boston Evening Transcript.
Worcester Spy.
Springfield Republican.
Providence Journal.
Hartford Courant.
Hartford Times.
New Haven Palladium.
New York Commercial Advertiser.
New York Herald.
New York Mail and Express.
New York Evening Post.
New York Times.
New York Tribune.
New York World.
Brooklyn Eagle.
Brooklyn Standard-Union.
Albany Argus.
Albany Journal.
Albany Times.
Troy Press.
Troy Times.
Utica Herald.
Utica Observer.
Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.
Rochester Union and Advertiser.
Buffalo Commercial.
Buffalo Courier.
Newark Advertiser.
Philadelphia Inquirer.
Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Philadelphia News.
Philadelphia Press.
Philadelphia Record.
Philadelphia Times.
Pittsburg Dispatch.
Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.
Baltimore American.
Baltimore Sun.
Washington National Republican.
Washington Post.

Washington Star.
Washington Critic.
Richmond State.
Raleigh Observer.
Charleston News and Courier.
Atlanta Constitution.
Augusta Chronicle.
Savannah News.
Jacksonville Times-Union.
Montgomery Advertiser.
Mobile Register.
New Orleans Times-Democrat.
New Orleans Picayune.
Galveston News.
Memphis Avalanche.
Nashville American.
Chittanooga Times.
Louisville Commercial.
Louisville Courier-Journal.
Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.
Cincinnati Enquirer.
Columbus Dispatch.
Cleveland Leader.
Cleveland Plaindealer.
Toledo Blade.
Detroit Free Press.
Indianapolis Journal.
Indianapolis Sentinel.
Chicago Herald.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.
Chicago News.
Chicago Times.
Chicago Tribune.
Milwaukee Sentinel.
St. Paul, Globe.
St. Paul Pioneer-Press.
Minneapolis Tribune.
Omaha Herald.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
St. Louis Republican.
Kansas City Journal.
Kansas City Times.
Leavenworth Times.
Denver Republican.
Salt Lake City Tribune.
San Francisco Alta California.
San Francisco Call.
San Francisco Chronicle.
Portland Oregonian.

If our count is accurate, that makes just 99, and any esteemed contemporary which may consider itself as underestimated or injured by reason of its omission from the list is at liberty to contest the *Sun's* right to the vacant one-hundredth place.

Current Criticism

A CRITIC'S APPEAL TO CRITICS.—Critics! men, my brothers (and ladies, my sisters), let us try to keep our tempers! If an American brother throws the tomahawk at our dukes (poor evanescent survivals), let us with roses crown his 'bosses,' his civic aldermen, his Judge Lynch! If our transatlantic kinsman lifts the hair of our novelists dead and gone, and wears it with his wampum, let us not hunt the scalps of his native braves. The value of their work is not altered for the worse because one of their chiefs unburies the tomahawk, and starts on the war-trail among our local sachems. Why does the young Indiana of the Kukuanas hurl the assegai at the Jossakeed of the Great Smoky Mountain? Wherefore is the pot of the Ama-hagger made hot for the head of the Medai Man of the Undiscovered Country? Let us be more easily pleased, and not seek spots in the sun. Even Sir Walter can be long-winded, and there is no doubt that his grammar *laisse à disirer*. I have found a dread 'and which' in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.' Shall I lift my hand against our magician? No; let us be more easy-going, let us swap stories round the camp-fires of the magazines, and smoke the calumet of peace. The clouds float up fragrant to the Great Manitou. The old braves are with him—Hawthorne and Cooper, Thackeray and Scott, Poe and Washing-

ton Irving. Pityingly they look down on us, and on these wars and jars of their children, the story-tellers and the listeners of England and America.—*Andrew Lang, in The Forum.*

'ST. MARY OF SCOTLAND.'—St. Mary of Scotland will be a strange figure in the calendar. Many ill wishers to Catholicism will not be sorry to see her there, and will no doubt have a variety of caustic remarks to make on the subject. But the authorities at the Vatican, if they are really contemplating the canonization of the unfortunate Queen, would do well to ascertain the feelings of English and Scotch Catholics on the subject. Admiration for the character of the Queen of Scots is by no means universal among her modern co-religionists; and even those who do admire her character would not affix to it the epithet 'saintly.' It is as a high-spirited, courageous, and unscrupulous woman, whose beauty and misfortunes to some extent atoned for her misdeeds, that Mary has won the admiration of those historical students of whom Mr. Swinburne has made himself the spokesman. But they do not look upon her as a saint. There are excuses to be alleged in her favor, and it may be plausibly urged that she was persecuted and betrayed. But a bad education, evil advisers, and malignant enemies are hardly enough to make a saint out of a conspicuous sinner.—*The St. James's Gazette.*

MR. STODDARD'S ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS.—We won't quote old Flaccus, although he is always worth quoting; but the best thing an amateur poet can do is to rewrite and rewrite his verses, over and over and over again, seeking out the smallest errors, and occasionally resorting to bore a friend with reading them, and making all the changes that friends suggest—perhaps permanently, perhaps only temporarily. By that time the would-be poet will be disgusted with his own work. That is the moment when it becomes fit for anybody else to read, if there was a germ of poetry in it to begin with. After that the aspirant for the bay may lay away his mutilated treasure as long as he can stand it, then bring it out and rewrite it and polish it and—send it to a newspaper or magazine with a safe bet of 10 to 1 that it will be returned. Out of the throes of many such workers a good poem might occasionally come forth—say once in a hundred times. The proportion now is about one in a million.—*The Mail and Express.*

Notes

MR. MARION CRAWFORD has bought the villa at Sant' Agnello di Sorrento, overlooking the Bay of Naples, which he has occupied during the past three summers, and called it the Villa Crawford. He is very busy just now, preparing his novels 'Paul Patoff' (now running in *The Atlantic*), 'With the Immortals' (*Macmillan's Magazine*), and 'Marzio's Crucifix' (*English Illustrated*), for their several appearance in book form.

—Messrs. Appleton are about to publish 'Scheherazade: A London Night's Entertainment,' a new novel by Florence Warden, author of 'The House on the Marsh.'

—In 'Pilgrim's Progress' as translated into Japanese and illustrated by native artists, Christian has a close-shaven Mongolian head; Vanity Fair is a feast of lanterns, with popular Japanese amusements; the dungeon of Giant Despair is one of those large wooden cages in which Eastern criminals are confined; and the angels waiting to receive the pilgrims on the further side of the bridgeless river are dressed in Yokohama fashions.

—Baker & Taylor Co. announce 'Modern Critics and their Religious Problems,' by Rev. Samuel L. Loomis, and a new and revised edition of 'Voice-culture and Elocution,' by Wm. T. Ross.

—Gen. Greely's article 'Our Kivigtok' in the August *Century* was not a 'story'; in other words, it was a true story. Mr. Nicolay's paper on Jefferson and Monticello, in the September number, was written after a visit to the statesman's homestead, several years ago, for the entertainment of a literary club in Washington. Since he has been so actively engaged on the Life of Lincoln, the writer has not had leisure for historical studies in other directions.

—The Russian censor has obliged three magazines and five daily papers to discontinue the publication of Zola's latest novel.

—The Eleventh Church Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States will be held in Louisville, Ky., Oct. 18, 19, 20 and 21. Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, will preside, and the General Secretary will be Rev. Dr. George D. Wildes. The topics to be discussed are: The Function and Power of the Christian Preacher of To-day, The Higher Education of Women, The Proposal to Change the Name of the Church, The Historic Episcopate and Apostolic Succession, Lay Co-operation in Church Work, and Prayer-Meetings.

—Thackeray's son-in-law, Mr. Leslie Stephen, will write the prefatory note for the volume which is to contain the letters now appearing in *Scribner's*.

—The liberality of the Vanderbilts (father and son) has enabled Vanderbilt University to offer free instruction in manual technology to all students, and to open the class in road engineering to one properly qualified highway official or deputy from each county. These privileges are not restricted by State lines, but are limited only by the capacity of the University.

—Mr. Whittaker announces 'A Village Maid,' by Helen Hayes, and 'Inchfawn,' a story of Irish life and character, by L. T. Meade; also, a second edition of Bishop Wilmer's 'Recent Past.'

—Max O'Rell's new book, 'L'Ami Macdonald,' is on the Scotch. —A series of unpublished letters from Charles Dickens will follow the appearance, in an early issue of *The English Illustrated*, of a chapter of 'Personal Reminiscences' of the great novelist. Beginning with the October number, H. D. Traill will contribute to the magazine a monthly budget of literary, social and artistic criticism.

—Mr. Black has completed 'The Strange Adventures of a Canal-Boat. Dean Vaughan, Master of the Temple, is compiling the Memoirs of his late brother-in-law, Dean Stanley.

—Mr. Edward Freiberger, dramatic critic of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, has been moved by the successful production in that city of Mr. George P. Lathrop's adaptation of 'Elaine,' to address a long poem to the heroine of the Laureate's exquisite idyll. It is in blank verse, and has been printed in the Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald*.

—Judge-Advocate Gardiner contributes an illustrated paper on the Revolutionary hero, Gen. James M. Varnum, to the September *Magazine of American History*.

—An 'English Masterpiece Course,' by Prof. Alfred H. Welsh, is announced by John C. Buckbee & Co., of Chicago. It is described as 'a book for private study, for literary clubs, for the class-room, and for libraries of reference.' The same firm have in press 'A Complete German Manual,' by Wesley C. Sawyer.

—*Atlanta*, the new English magazine, will begin the publication of Haggard's new story, 'A Tale of Three Lions,' in its first number.

—A copy of the first edition of Matthew Arnold's 'Strayed Reveller' was recently sold in London for 4*l.* 16*s.* Still more recently another copy brought 7*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* 'Empedocles on Etna' brought 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* These prices are calculated to excite surprise.

—A beautifully printed edition of 'Don Quixote' in four volumes will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the fall. There will be a regular library edition, and a large, but not too large, paper edition, limited to fifty copies, printed by De Vinne. The same firm announce a volume of 'Original Etchings' by A. H. Bicknell, with text by Wm. Howe Downes; also, 'Wild Animals in Captivity,' by Major J. Fortuné Nott. The illustrations for the latter book are by the Ives process, direct from photographs made by Major Nott from the animals in the Zoological Gardens of London and Paris.

—Mr. Arlo Bates, poet, novelist, and editor of the Boston *Courier*, is described by text and picture in the current *Book Buyer*. Future numbers of this magazine will contain a literary letter from the Hub.

—Mr. Henry Hager, the translator of Octave Feuillet's latest romance, 'La Morte' ('Alette'), is to furnish *The Cosmopolitan* with a series of English versions of some of the best short stories in French. The first will be one of Halévy's, 'Un Grand Mariage,' which has been Englished under the title of 'A French Marriage,' and will appear in the September number. Mr. Hager is also responsible for 'A Door Must be Either Open or Shut' in the current issue of the magazine.

—Queen Victoria (apparently acting on Mr. Barnard's suggestion, in *THE CRITIC*, that literary producers should work in the country) has gone to Balmoral, and is 'busy writing a new book, the character of which has been disclosed to nobody.'

—Thomas Hughes is writing a Memoir of Dr. Livingstone for Macmillan's Men of Action Series.

—Geo. Routledge & Sons have nearly ready a new translation of Dumas' 'The Lady of the Camellias,' printed on heavy paper and illustrated with forty photogravures and etchings from designs by Albert Lynch. In the preface, which is a new one, the author recalls the circumstances under which he wrote the story. Jules Janin contributes a sketch of Marie Duplessis, whose history furnished the basis of the work. The edition is limited to 550 numbered copies. 'The Count of Monte Cristo' will follow in this series of translations. By arrangements with Roberts Bros., the Routledges have imported a limited number of copies of the Lon-

don edition of Miss Wormley's translation of Balzac's 'Père Goriot,' with illustrations by Lynch.

—Mr. Gerald Massey's pension of 70*l.* has been increased to 100*l.* The petition which led to this increase was signed by Mr. Brown- ing, Mr. Arnold, Lord Lytton, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Prof. Tyndall, Lord Carnarvon, and others.

—President Wm. F. Poole opened the ninth general meeting of the American Library Association at Round Island Park, on Tuesday last, with an address on the development in the United States and England of the public library system.

—The annual 'Ashfield Dinner,' for the benefit of Sanderson Academy, Ashfield, Mass., was eaten on Thursday of last week. Three hundred tickets were sold; and as the dinner (a cold one) was nearly all provided by local friends of the institution, a neat little sum was raised for educational purposes. Prof. C. E. Norton presided; and the guests were waited upon by village maidens. Dr. Stanley Hall, of Johns Hopkins, a graduate of the Academy, was the first speaker. He deplored the lack of practicality in modern methods of training in the public schools—the substitution of instruction for education. He himself had studied a single muscle in a frog's leg for two years, and at last felt that he had mastered one thing—and that the whole universe was related to that one thing. President Carter of Williams, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and Mr. George Wm. Curtis were the other speakers; and all who heard them agreed that the occasion was a memorable one.

—Fifty-eight American architects who studied architecture in the École des Beaux Arts or the *ateliers* attached to it have raised \$3,500, and other persons, both lay and professional, have added a like sum to the amount; and the \$7,000 thus raised have been sent to the Director of the School to form a Prix de Reconnaissance des Architectes Américains. Mr. Richard M. Hunt is the Chairman of the Committee; and it was through his son, Mr. R. H. Hunt, now a pupil in the school, that the presentation was made. On the list of former students contributing to the fund, Mr. Hunt's name stands first, as he entered the School in 1846—seventeen years before the next contributor. A complete list of subscribers will be forwarded to Paris, where the gift has been warmly welcomed, not only by the Director of the School (M. Du-bois), but by the Minister of Public Instruction (M. Berthelot). It is hoped that the fund will be increased to \$8,000 or \$10,000. It is a fitting acknowledgment of the courtesy of the French Government in admitting American students to free instruction in the School, and permitting them to compete for all prizes but the Prix de Rome.

—Among Messrs. Putnam's fall announcements are 'A Study of American Finance: 1789-1835,' by John W. Kearney; a revised edition of Sterne's 'Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States'; 'The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798,' by Ethelbert D. Warfield; a translation, by Prof. A. H. Keane, of Prof. Gneist's 'The Student's History of the English Parliament'; 'Arcady: For Better or Worse,' a study of English rural life, by Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp; 'Bodyke: A Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism,' from *The Pall Mall Gazette*, by Henry Norman; 'Slav or Saxon,' a study of Russian development, by Wm. Dudley Foulke; 'History of the Revolutionary Movement of 1848-9 in Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Germany,' by Edmund Maurice; 'La Société Française au 17^e Siècle,' edited by Prof. T. F. Crane; 'Two Years in Europe,' by Dr. Rodney Glisan; 'The Count of the Saxon Shore,' by Prof. A. J. Church; 'Taxation: Its Principles and Methods,' from the Italian of Prof. Luigi Cossa; 'Egyptian Archaeology,' by Prof. Maspero, translated by Miss Amelia B. Edwards; a second edition of the Rev. C. W. King's 'The Gnostics and their Remains'; 'The Art of Conversation,' by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy; 'Life of Reginald Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury,' by Rev. Dr. Frederick George Lee; 'A Vacation in a Buggy,' by Maria L. Pool; the Story of the Goths, of Ireland, of Mediæval France, of Turkey, of Holland, and of Mexico, in new issues in the Story of the Nations Series; and Prof. York Powell's 'English History from Contemporary Writers.'

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Ellet, George. Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book. soc.....	Harper & Bros.
Farmer, L. H. The Girls' Book of Famous Queens.....	Thos. Y. Crowell.
Foreign Resident, A. Greater America.....	A. Lovell & Co.
G. W. P. Whist Universal. \$1.25	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
L. M. A. Six Weeks in Old France.....	Albany: A. de Potter.
Park, Mungo. Travels in the Interior of Africa. Vol. I. soc.....	Cassell & Co.
Peterson, Arthur. Songs of New Sweden.....	Philadelphia: E. S. Hart & Co.
Stevenson, R. L. Underwoods. \$1.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Tourgee, Albion W. Button's Inn.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.